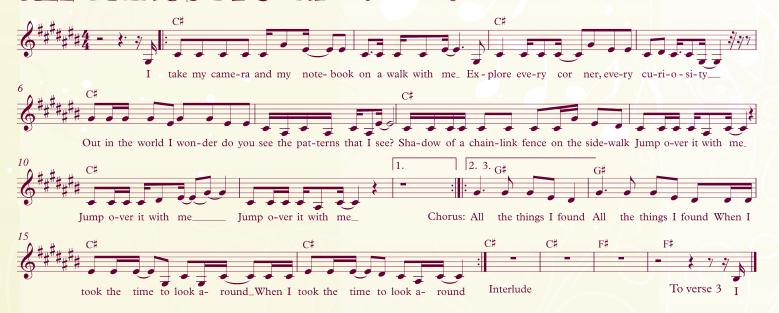


ALL THINGS I FOUND

By Frances England



Verse 2

I see new things appear where they didn't used to be
I take notes and compare, a record for me to keep
I know this neighborhood like the back of my own hand
I pay attention. I listen closely to
Her sights and her sounds (3x)

Chorus

Break

Verse 3

I collect the rocks and the bottle caps I find along the way
The handwritten notes and the grocery lists people
thought they'd thrown away
Well I listen to the conversations of the people walkin' by
One by one they tell the story of
A neighborhood comin' alive (3x)
Chorus